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A TRIP AROUND ALASKA.

BY EDWARD BAILEY.

(Concluded.)

Pools of water there were where pools of water could be; but most of the fissures opened deep down into the glacier, and usually you would hear through them the distant rumble and rush of water in their depths. Sometimes a rock or a number of rocks had melted the ice around them till they were sunk far down into the solid ice. Not all the thunders were caused by the falling of ice; the immense cracks and fissures were made by the receding of ice with an awful crash. Think of the force which by straining causes a mass of ice 250 or 300 feet thick to split from top to bottom. And as in sailing we passed blocks of ice, big or little each one kept up a snapping like logs in a burning fire; especially when the sun shined on them. It might well be supposed, the whole sea for miles was discolored; clay colored like the Mississippi.

Probably all the passengers landed and took a stroll longer or shorter on the glacier. How many got tumbles we may not know; I fear I should had not one in returning exchanged a pike staff for my umbrella just as I arrived at the glacier.

There were on the surface of the ice all manner of rocks in the shape in which they had tumbled on it miles above, with perfectly fresh surfaces and sharp corners. No child could have carried her doll with half the gentleness with which there had been transported from their far away home on the mountains after they fell. There was the granite (ginite) both gray and red, marble, porphyry, slate and mixtures of them all in the same, freshly broken rocks.

We sailed away at 4:15 P. M., and entered Bartlett Bay at 2:30 P. M., and sailed again in the night for Juneau, which we reached again at 10:11 A. M. However, many of the passengers landed and revived the trade in baskets, mats, totems, spoons, etc. I called at the Willard's and saw Misses Matthews and Duncan, teachers in the Home school. And they showed me the school and lodging rooms, etc. Mr. McDonald, one of the passengers, offered $50 for the school if they would specially direct it for female education, more especially if directed to rescuing them from a life of shame. "He had heard that fathers prostituted their daughters and husbands their wives, to white men;" and he wished to know if it was true and how it could be prevented. He had given like sums to two other schools. I bought a few little things here, but did not wish to be cumbered.

I called upon an assayer, W. C. Antorill of Oakland, who gave me some good specimens of ores and coal. He had made discoveries and made claims on his own account.

I was more impressed than ever with the threatning pose of the mountains which seem to overhang the town on two sides. Since we were here before two houses had been carried away by a mountain slide. Miss Matthews gave me some photographs to take to her relatives, the Alexanders, and one for myself. But I did not purchase pictures, supposing they might be purchased for less money in San Francisco.

Juneau is the largest town in Alaska, larger even than Sitka.

In the afternoon the steamer crossed over to the Treadwell mine which is on Douglass Island. The steamer At-ki was at the wharf unloading machinery for the "Bear's Nest" mine and we tied up outside of her, and crossed over her deck to reach the wharf. I landed with Mr. Easkill who went with me to see the works for reducing the ore, and then we went through the tunnel into the mine itself. Few mines are more noted than this from the fact that it has a mill of 240 stamps, and also from the fact that, so far as now appears, the whole mountain is of the same character as the part now worked. The yield to the ton of ore is said to be from six to twenty dollars; and I suppose that even this would formerly have been thrown away as useless; for all? The gold is contained in miscreate crystals of iron pyrites from which it is separated by roasting acids, etc. Placer miners claim the right to work the surface above the solid quartz, and there has been some litigation to define the boundary between the "rotton" quartz on the surface and the solid quartz below. The tunnel we passed through was nearly level, and several hundred feet in length. The workmen in the mine had just quit work at 5 o'clock; but two men with cartridges of dynamite went with us and made blasts while we were there, we retiring a little into the mouth of the tunnel to avoid the flying rocks. The mine is an open pit one or two hundred feet across, and about as deep, so the miners work in the open air. The ore is loaded on cars and carried through the tunnel by which we entered to the stamp mill.

There are some conflicting accounts in regard to the "Bear's Nest" mine which joins the Treadwell on the north. It occupies the same slope as the latter. But it has not yet been worked, though a very large building has just been closed in for the works, and, as I said, the machinery for it has just been landed on the wharf.

But "claims" in near proximity to each other are often very unlike, and the whole thing is yet to be proved.

The proprietors will have an advantage of having an experience of the Treadwell to guide them.

It is often said in a seminary way that the whole of Douglass Island is gold ore; if so the world will have a long job with it, for it towers among the clouds, and is quite extensive, though I have not the means of knowing exactly what its dimensions are. In a work by J. H. Patton entitled "The natural resources of the United States," it is said p. 175, that "the Treadwell mine (presumably) on Douglass Island has works, etc., by which about 300 tons of ore are crushed daily, and it assays from eight to twenty dollars a ton."

Some random statements are also made of mines or indications of gold on the mainland adjacent. Eager prospecting seems to be going on in all the region, and it is not strange if it is a little difficult to come at the exact facts of the case.

The papers speak of the "Bear's Nest" as if it had failed or have given up, when in fact it has not yet begun, but preparations seem to be going on in a very business-like way for working it.

We left Douglass island in the night and on the 13th reached Port Wrangel at about 7 P. M. having slowed up to avoid reaching the dangerous tides before "slack water," I rushed on shore and on to the night to go through the Indian part of the town where was the greatest display of tolem poles in Alaska.

I had not gone to see them when we were there before. We stopped one hour, then went round the point extending north of the town to the Aberdeen cannery, three miles. Next day at 7 A. M. we reached Loring where we stayed two hours, and then went on to Tongas Narrows which we reached at noon. I landed and went along shore to the right by Indian houses to a place where a creek empties into the sound, in which I saw a layer of salmon many feet wide, but how deep I do not know, as they were too thick together for light to penetrate. They were moving slowly in a mass up stream. Many had been thrown out upon the rocks in wanton sport by travellers. I wish I might say not of our company, and especially that they were not ladies.

We then went on to Matland Atla, which we reached at 5 P. M., and the steam boiler, etc., which was not landed before, was now taken ashore on the scow belonging to the company at the place. Some of us landed again for a short time and were taken on board again by the shore boats. Thus we were able to give Mr. Duncan and his young men a hearty good-bye.

Mr. D. gave me a piece of yellow cedar, one of the choice woods of Alaska, which I intend to carve. This was about our southern limit.

Nothing of note occurred in our further progress to Victoria and Port Townsend, where our company had become very much scattered. At the latter place, Mr. Gaskill with his wife and son, and Miss Hall and myself took passage on the steamer Umatilla for San Francisco, where we arrived about 2 A. M. of the 23d, after a very calm and every way pleasant passage.

Sir H. T. Wrenford, of Victoria, will succeed Chief Justice Onslow in Western Australia.

The Thrill of Moose Hunting.

The few moose yet in Maine's woods bring no inconsiderable money annually to the state. I have been told of one man who has spent $5,000 in Maine in trying to kill a moose, and he has neither secured the moose nor given up the task. It would be greatly to the benefit of hunters who wish to call moose if the law was changed so as to make September an open month, for only during the September moon is there a reasonable prospect of success in calling. It was once my pleasure to meet a sportsman just in from moose calling. His Indian had called a moose to the water, but was unable to get him to come out of the bushes, and a shot into the shadows was unsuccessful. Said the hunter: "I have never seen any sporting to compare with this. I could hear the moose coming for an hour, and when he came down off the hills to the water I could think of nothing but a locomotive off the track and running through the woods. I have killed no moose, but that experience was worth all this trip cost me. It fairly made my hair stand on end to hear that moose come. Yes, sir; it was worth $150 of any man's money."—Forest and Stream.

HE WASN'T A RABBIT.

And When His Commission Came He No Doubt Got Square with His Enemy.

Several years ago, when John M. Thurston was stumping Nebraska in an important campaign, he included its extreme western part, then a decidedly wild region, in his circuit. He was proceeding by stage to Sidney one day, when they stopped at a little station to change horses. While this important operation was going on a large, determined looking man whose most conspicuous article of clothing was a big revolver approached the stage cautiously, and while occasionally glancing nervously at a small building, some hundred yards away, with a large sign of "postoffice" on it, he inquired for Mr. Thurston. That gentleman made himself known and the stranger said:

"You speak down at Sidney to-night, I hear."

"Yes, I expect to."

"I reckon I'll come down with my partition and do a little work."

"What is your petition for?" inquired the judge.

"The postoffice up there," and the man pointed with his thumb.

"Is there a good prospect that you will get it?"

"You bet—I'm sure of it, but I 'lowed a few more names wouldn't do no hurt. When I git it there's goin' to be the doggondest biggest change you ever seen in a small place."

"How's that?"

"Why, I ain't had a letter out o' that air office fer over two years."

"Why not?"

"The dinged critter that has it now says he will shoot me on sight, and you bet he'd do it too, so I lay mighty low. When a letter comes fer me he nails it to the door, shoots it full o' holes, sends word fer me to come and get it and watches fer me out o' the winder."

"How comes he to have such a dislike for you?"

"Claims I stole one o' his steers. I didn't touch one o' his steers till he'd hooked two o' my calves and I can prove it. But jess you wait till my commission gits here and I get hold o' that office. I'll wad the first letter that comes fer him in my shotgun and fire it down the well. Jess wait a little, jedge; he'll find that I can pound stamps with one hand and cover the front door with a six shooter with the other jess as well as he can. My name is old Jim White, and you bet when I've got my boots on' I can tie up the eastern mail with my teeth and hold a gun on the gen'ral deliv'ry and money order winder both at the same time. Old Jim White ain't no rabbit when it comes to holdin' a gover'ment position an' lookin' out for his rights."—New York Tribune.

A Boston Cat's Ride.

One of Boston's handsomest Maltese cats arrived in this city this noon on the 12:24 express via Springfield. She secured passage in a drawing room car, or rather under it, just before the train left the Boston and Albany depot in Boston, and came through in a hurry. One of the porters on the train noticed her seated cozily upon the break beam of one of the trucks just before the train started, but supposed she would jump off when the car began to move. On the contrary, the cat fastened her claws into the woodwork all the firmer when the train started, and during her ride of 126 miles maintained her position undisturbed by the whirlwind of sand and gravel that would have smothered an ordinary mortal. When the train reached the city she was still in possession of her senses, and had become so firmly attached to her new home that the porter could scarcely pull her off the truck. When he did she, however, quickly ran back and took her former seat on the truck, and it was only when the baggage master again pulled her off and held her in his arms till the train moved away that the cultured cat could be persuaded to remain in the capital city. She was not in the least disturbed by her rapid transit, and when Hackman Banning placed her on the back seat of his hack she immediately began to purr contentedly, and rode in great style to her new home on Barber street, running her claws down into the cushioned seat and pulling slowly upon the cloth in her musical peace of mind.—Hartford Post.

Says He Choked a Bear to Death.

A man named Robert Brown, who resides near Fox Hollow, is credited with having killed a bear about five miles from Edgeville, a Catskill mountain hamlet. The animal was no larger than a Newfoundland dog, but it was fat and plump. Brown killed the bear, but he says he used neither firearm nor missile of any kind. He choked it to death with his brawny right fist.

The animal was feeding on some berries when Brown first espied it. Taking off his coat, the hunter crept stealthily up to within "throwing" distance, when he covered the brute's head and face with the garment. Before bruin could free himself from the unwelcome covering, Brown had gotten close enough to the shaggy brute to gets his fingers around its throat. He squeezed mightily, and the bear slowly but surely succumbed to the killing pressure and fell dead at the hunter's feet. The carcass weighed 110 pounds. Bear steaks were distributed around, and "home folks" and a score or more of early Catskill mountain guests ate bear meat for the first time in their lives.

Brown says he choked a wildcat to death last winter. There are people who doubt this Samsonian story, but, be that as it may, the steaks were a reality.—Kingston Freeman.